



DRILLING.

Sweet Amy asked, with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your Captain say—
I should so like to drill you."

"What, little one, you take command!
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing,
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling."

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this: 'Squad, stand at ease!'"
"Oh, Charley, you'll wake up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see!
And then I scarce need mention,
The next command you have to give
Is the one, 'Squad, Attention!'"

"Now, Amy, smartly, after me,
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?)
Forward—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right Dress—
There, now, I'm close before you."

"Present arms—well it does look odd;
You don't believe I'd trifle,
We hold our arms out just like this,
In drill without the rifle."

"Now say 'Salute your officer!'"
"Oh, Charley, for shame, how can you?
I thought that you were at some trick,
You horrid, cheating man, you!"

Charles "ordered arms" without command,
She smoothed her rump and hair,
And pouted, frowned and blushed, and then
Said softly, "As you were!"

JOHN HILL, ALIAS NIXON CURRY; OR, THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES. A TRUE SKETCH OF ARKANSAS.

"BLOODY AFFRAY.—A desperate rencontre occurred last week in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocities fifteen years ago in the mountains of Carolina."—*Little Rock Gaz., May, 1840.*

We have given the previous extract from the oldest and most respectable journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events and painting true scenes, we have been particularly careful to avoid all vivid colors. Should this short sketch, by any chance, reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its description tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has resided long on the frontier has no room for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago, there lived in Iredell Co., North Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and having a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these, the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion. When only six years of age, he had a combat at school, with the bully of the play ground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering most dreadfully, at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first season he attended in the country school house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of the silver mills. Forever to eternity and whenever the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up in one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling. Their bias for each other's society, while children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common among the youth of both sexes in the country, and, as usual, terminate abruptly on arrival at mature years. Far different, however, was the case of Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by starlight, firmer vows and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to its crosses, and, like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest roots into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally, at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued, overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead on the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the sources of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth, that the youthful bandit was never known to perpetrate any deed

of murder for the purpose of plunder, though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta bordering on the St. Francis, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous, and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he had never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being; and yet everybody was satisfied that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude—was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform a good service, in any sort of battle field; for of all bear hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in, "the great swamp," or descended by torch light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as being the most fearless among them.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong impassioned eloquence, as a chief leader in the democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State constitution; and he was elected again the ensuing year to represent his own county in the State of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were the Strongs—four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambitious, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "great fighters."

Notwithstanding their character was so dissimilar from that of the pacific "bear hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber; and then collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always gone armed with his enormous double-barrelled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a knife so heavy that few other hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buckshot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came from the executive of Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus, betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct in this crisis was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon, for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with his dreadful double-barrel—that sure death-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery joined to the fear before inspired by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an unaccountable panic, that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgraceful rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending in ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime Hill's character underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the look-out, and therefore unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition, necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme.

Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bowie, who was so heartily dreaded. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale merely at the appearance of Hill's gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be no wonder; for even brave men's hands shook when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly gloomy, and while he was at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and the robber's cave.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection; "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelled like sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court to-day," said the wife in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband, firmly. "When a man's time is come, he cannot bide from death; besides, it would be the act of a coward to do so. If one possessed the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued—"Bill, you see my gun?"—pointing his finger as he spoke, to the great double-barrel hanging on the back horns over the door—"I get with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Mose Howard; he will protect you, pa," remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth then approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate—
"Take good care of him, Mose! and be sure that you bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth with a laugh. "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting everybody that crossed his path; and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado swore that he would clear the court-house; and immediately entering, with a furious

countenance, and a threat as to his purpose—judge, lawyers, jury, and spectators, made a general rush for the door. One old drunken man alone did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch, and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alas! who was never to be!) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red, and glaring like a mad dog's, Hill instantly turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor; then following up the violent act, he leaped upon the youth, and began a most most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror, "For God's sake, cease! Hill! don't you know me?—your friend Mose! Remember Mary!" Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful frame as the other—the only person in all Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clutched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the west. The advantage shifted from the one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood.

Even the bystanders, looking through the windows of the log court house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge bowie knife—unthought of previously—protruded from beneath his hunting skirt. Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded, quick as lightning he drew the keen blade from its scabbard, and sheathed it up to the very hilt in the bosom of his friend and the father of his Mary.

"The dream is fulfilled," exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sunk down, and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face and his glazed eyes opened. And then, awakening with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor, unhappy youth fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hard-hearted spectator into tears, "Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the calm lips of the dead; wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow; essayed to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet with a piercing scream, "Farewell, Mary, your father is gone, and I am going with him!" and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his own heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse-dealer brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the asylum for the insane at New Orleans.

Had we been inditing a tale of romance, we would have paused with the preceding page; but literal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic both as to the chief actors and the backwoods theatre of the main tragedy.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado had enjoined upon his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by the boy as a sacred duty; for on the frontiers, the widows of the slain teach vengeance to their children, and they occasionally execute it themselves.

Accordingly, Bill Hill practised with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his foe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen he set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months Bill Hill came back, and hanging up the double barrels in their old buckhorn rack, answered his mother's enquiring look—
"Mother, Mose is dead; I let him have both loads. Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards, too; he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton."

"Poor Mose!" said the mother, weeping; "but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward, and besides, it was your father's order."

CROOKED SPINES IN GIRLS.—It is a sad fact, that nearly every young lady in fashionable life has lateral curvature of the spine. This comes at the age of ten or eleven, and continues slowly but steadily to increase, unnoticed even by a mother's watchful eye, till the child is really deformed, one shoulder is much larger and higher than the other, and one hip higher, so that the dress-maker is obliged to put cotton in the dress, to make the back look flat and square. The boys, their brothers, have no such trouble; why should they? The question may well be asked by every thoughtful parent. We answer that improper dress and other physiological errors, in which girls constantly indulge, produce this mischief.

The dress of the girl is always tighter than her brother's, and this is begun while she is quite young, "to give her a form," the mother says, as if the Creator did not do this when he made the child. This constant pressure upon the muscles of the spine, which are designed to keep it straight, causes absorption of those muscles, and as the right arm is used more than the left, the spine is drawn under the right shoulder blade, thus making it project. The muscles are so weakened by absorptions, that they cannot bring the spine to its proper position, and you have a case of lateral curvature. In addition to this tight dress, we have seen girls of thirteen and fourteen with corsets on. Often these are adopted by thoughtless mothers, in the hope to straighten the child, but under their cruel pressure the difficulty rapidly increases, till the poor deformed girl is sent to a spinal institution to be treated. While this difficulty is gradually increasing, the young girl is sent to school, to spend five or six hours each day bending over a low desk, and when she returns home, instead of being allowed to play ball or any other active game in the open air, as her brothers are, is placed on a high piano stool, where her toes but just touch the floor, with nothing to protect her back. In this position she must sit one long painful hour. Do you wonder she has a crooked spine? We wonder that any escape, for all are obliged to pass through the same killing ordeal.

A GENTLEMAN, who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

A VALUABLE LESSON TO A GAMESTER.

The *Independence Belle* tells the following story of a young man who had squandered at the gaming-tables of one of the German Baths his entire fortune, amounting to about eight hundred thousand francs. He had lost, successively, park, chateau, city mansion, and country house, and there remained to the unfortunate gamster, out of all his estates, only a single spot of ground—a small orange plantation—which he had carefully excepted from his other stakes. The winner (for his antagonist throughout had been the same person) was an Englishman, phlegmatic and stoical in appearance, but whose curiosity was aroused at the solicitude of the rash youth for the preservation of a dilapidated and seemingly useless green-house, containing a few boxes of orange trees. "What are you going to do with this?" he asked. "Let us play for it." "Never," replied the young man. "This orangery is a souvenir, a relic of my childhood. My mother has passed many hours there with me. I may die there; I may try to live there; but I would blow out my brains rather than stake on a card a single flower of those trees." "It was just one blossom that I was about to propose as a stake. Since you have nothing else, I will play with you for that, a simple orange blossom. Will you consent to it?" "But what could you wager on your side against a flower, if I should consent to play?" "Oh! a mere trifle, of course. I too, would sacrifice a little sentiment. Here is an autograph, for instance, which I will deposit as a wager in the hands of a third person." The young man laughed, and yielded. Notwithstanding his filial sentiment, he saw no profanation in the offering of a flower to Chance, the god who had served him so ill. As the game was about to commence, the Englishman said to the young Frenchman, "You swear on your honor, if you win, to accept the stake, however ridiculous it may appear to you?" "I swear, because I have full confidence in you, my lord. Cards were brought; the game commenced, and in a few moments the young man had gained the mysterious autograph.

He received it with some emotion, but how greatly was it increased, when he read a donation in regular form, of the eight hundred thousand francs that he had lost! The blush of shame mounted to his face. He protested; he refused; he declared that the bargain was null. "I have your word of honor," said the Englishman, smiling. "The agreement was in earnest. If I had won, I should have claimed the orange blossom." "But a mere flower against a fortune!" "You thought more of your orange trees, for you would not stake them, than of the eight hundred thousand francs. The match was equal." After two hours of debate, a court of honor, having examined into and weighed the affair coolly, decided that the Frenchman could accept; and he did so, on condition that Lord Z— would remain his dearest friend.

WORK AND PLAY.—Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has some honest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play time must come after school time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except in the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how black it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have dark around, to make its presence felt.

And besides this, the greater part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for the dawdling idler to set off to the continent or the Highland, just because he was sick of everything around him; and quite another when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some work to an end, on the self-same tour.

And then a business man finds a relief in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate; you might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that blasé being by any amusement which is not aided with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old French woman was drinking, when she said:—"Oh! that this were a sin to give it a relish!"

GOOD COMPANY AND DIGESTION.—All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is secured, then prepared by the elaborate machinery of cooks, then digested by the ingenuity of the digestive apparatus, and then conveyed to various organs by the wondrous machinery of the circulation, are set going to bring a little liquid into contact with the delicate membrane of a cell, visible only under the magnifying powers of the microscope. Every organ of the body is composed of millions upon millions of these cells, every one of which lives its separate life, and must be separately fed. To feed it, thousands of men dig and plow, sow and reap, hunt and fish, rear cattle and slaughter them; thousands act as mere agents and carriers of the food; thousands as cooks; and each has to satisfy the clamorous demands of his own hungry cells. The simpler plants floating in water, or the simple parasites living in the liquids of other animals, feed without this bother and this preparation. The high organisms have to devote their energies to secure and to prepare their food, because their simpler cells cannot secure it and must have it. In man, self-indulgence and indolence often weaken the digestive machinery, which has, therefore, to be stimulated into activity by condiments, by flavors, and by mental exhilaration; his meals become a banquet. The stimulus of festal excitement, the laugh and conversation of a joyous dinner, spur the lazy organs of digestion, and enable men to master food which, if eaten in solitude, silence or sorrow, would lie a heavy lump on the stomach. Eating seems a simple process, until long experience has taught us its complexity. Food seems a very simple thing till science reveals its metamorphoses.

THE WINNER OF THE RACE AT BULL RUN.—Senator Lovejoy, of Illinois, was one of the crowd of civilians who were the cause of the disaster at Bull Run. When the panic commenced, Lovejoy got upon his horse and broke for Washington. His anxiety to get back to his Congressional duties added wings to his flight, and he went over the Long Bridge in advance of all pursuers. He repaired at once to the White House, and rushing in, announced to the astonished President, that "the army was in full retreat and coming pell-mell to Washington." Mr. Lincoln looked at his frightened visitor a moment and then dryly remarked: "Mr. Lovejoy, I congratulate you on winning the race!"

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

FIGHT BETWEEN

REMARKS

James had been represented by those who had seen him with Llewellyn in April last as being one of the worst fighting men in the ring, and Llewellyn stated that he never could not fail to be better than a "certainty" for Benny. So far as the result is concerned, these individuals have been "prophets," but in all else they certainly proved most mistaken, and either they must, in the contest above referred to, have a somewhat erroneous opinion of Dick's pugilistic merits, or in the two months that have intervened, improved in an extraordinary manner. In the present passage of arms he proved to be a fighter, not a pugilist, and he fought in a manner that astonished his London friends. He gave indication of being active on his pins, and certainly, the way in which he was left on the head to the first round, showed that he was not of hitting with good effect. There can be no doubt that he had been knocked out of "time" in the manner he was now seen to make a good rating in the ring. He questioned, however, the thought would be very different, for he did not appear to be endowed with a sufficient amount of the *physique* to stand the wear of a long-protracted contest, and must have depended upon superior science. After the contest had been decided, a seat was made for the unfortunate loser, and it is the intention of his friends to get him up a benefit. Ben-Jamin has now possibly been released from the "Wagon." What was thought was stated that he was never likely to make a "star" in the ring nor were there any points exhibited in the present contest that lead to any alteration in that opinion. He leaves the ring with honor and credit, and it is to be hoped he may continue prosperous in business, and continue to merit the good wishes of numerous friends. James had nothing to do but to stand a right lump, and Ben-Jamin had a good deal of punishment that a cut heist, the STRENGTH.

GALLANT FIGHT BETWEEN

[illegible]

that defendant, having subscribed £10 towards the stakes, and
 that sum into court, had done all that was necessary, and un-

Thus the champion and the captain won the match by 6 sets.

AQUATICS.

FIFTH GAME	
Acce... 1	Acce... 3
1	9
	15

Thus the champion and the captain won the match by 6 to 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	ACCT. 1	ACCT. 2	ACCT. 3	ACCT. 4	ACCT. 5
id	1	5	9	13	18
ed	Thus the champion and the captain won the match by 6 sets.				

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann Street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

IMPROVING THE SOLDIER.

At a time like the present, anything bearing upon the soldier is of interest to the American reader. In view of this, we have been induced to say something relative to the very judicious measures which the two principal governments in Europe have been and are still taking, for the purpose of rendering their armed legions as near to perfection as possible. Among these measures, we look upon the study and practice of gymnastics as eminently qualified to aid in the improvement of the soldier. It is not, at the first view, that the value of this new element in the routine of military life will present itself; a little thought, however, will show it in all its length and breadth of its usefulness. With an enhanced physique, the men who are commissioned to fight our battles, if not more scientific in the exercise of their weapons, will have augmented strength to wield them—a higher degree of power to continue the combat with an enemy, and, what is a very important consideration, a proportionately increased capacity to bear up against those incidental perils of warfare, which, more than actual warfare itself, slay thousands of troops, infantry and cavalry. No war that ever took place failed to present its lists of dead, irrespective of those killed on the battle field. Our own war, in which we are unhappily engaged, has demonstrations of this fact, very melancholy to the contemplation. And why has all this been? Simply because armies have been made up of men, for the greater part, of deficient physique, induced by lack of proper care before they joined the ranks, and afterwards unremedied by anything like the proper training in the discipline of health. The error of this has been seen at last, and therefore have the governments of France and England made it imperative that gymnastics should be as much the study of their soldiers as the study of the abstract art of war has been to them hitherto.

Our own authorities are doing something in this way, though necessarily not to the extent reached by the powers averted to. The suddenness with which the military arm of the government has been invoked, the theory of our republican constitution, and the agitations and preachings of peace societies are accountable for these shortcomings. We have had no time to remedy a radical defect, explained to us in a moment, as it were, while the jealousy with which a permanent army, sufficient for all purposes, has ever been viewed by our people, along with the delusion that a reign of peace could ever be established, while men remain as they are, involving, as it did, an entire want of the proper appreciation of the soldier—these causes, we say, have brought about the want which our proper authorities are bestirring themselves to meet as well and as quickly as they can.

Whatever amount of enthusiasm may have been invoked, whatever degree of credence might have been vouchsafed to the fine harangues of the so-called ministers of universal peace who have paid periodic visits to the great capitals of the world, the masses of the people have awoke to the conviction that never left the minds of the wisest few—that, while there are conflicting interests between nations, or parts of nations, that while ambition is a strong impetus of the soul, and wrong, tyranny, and fraud will be practiced, war will break out. This granted, the inference is unavoidable, that it is a duty incumbent on those who have the power in their hands, to render war, on their side, as efficient as possible, so that less blood may be shed, less time be sacrificed, and the ensuing peace be more permanent, than could be the case were old delusions continued.

Now, while thousands of men are enlisting every day, it would be advisable for those in whose hands the acceptance lies, to be particular in the selection of their raw material—that is, not to take any save men of health and strength—qualities which might be enhanced by gymnastic exercises, in connection with the ordinary drill. Let this plan be acted on, and apart from having our battles better fought, we shall have the gratification of being spared those long and melancholy returns of mortality incidental to war. So much for the rank and file. Let us now approach another vital consideration in relation to the efficiency of an army. We mean fitness in the officers. In no war, and ten times less in a war like that which we are engaged in, should favoritism sway a feather's weight in this respect. The proper qualities for commanders, from a general-in-chief to a captain, are well known—quite as well as those desirable in the mass of soldiery; and equal zeal and judgment ought to be brought to bear upon the two. In the latter case, we have received more than a passing gratification, through witnessing the institution of Boards of Enquiry and the like, presided over and otherwise conducted by capable men, and past which, it is to be fervently hoped, none but capable men will be allowed to proceed to command. So let our authorities work, and prove, not only to the nation, but to all the world, that, in the United States of America, a war can be as thoroughly conducted to an honorable and advantageous issue, as it has been readily joined by the masses of the people. Of that, contemporaneous record furnishes an illustrious evidence; of the other, let it be hoped, future history will have to speak in terms of equally glowing praise.

YANKEE SULLIVAN COMMUNICATES WITH JOHNNY LING.—In the *Banner of Light*, of Aug. 3, whose special business it is to advocate spiritualism, gives publicity to what is purported to be a communication from the brave Yankee Sullivan to Johnny Ling. By it, it appears, Yankee has seen Belcher Kay, and that he often has a set-to with the gloves, "down among the dead men." Read the document, it is what might be termed "decidedly rich." It is given in dialogue style, and we here reprint it as it appeared in the above named paper:—

Yankee Sullivan.—How do you do, sir? I've been told you publish a paper, in which you print letters or communications from those on our side.

I have a friend on your side, whose name is Johnny Ling. He made a certain request to me a short time since, and I came here today to tell him I grant that request if I can. I'm not positive, but I'll try.

This I suppose, may be nonsense to those who don't understand me, but it's good sense to those who do. I'm Sullivan—they called me Yankee Sullivan. I gained the cognomen of Yankee, I suppose, rather unfairly. It was given me by my seeing fit to decorate myself with the American flag once, while fighting in England. No matter, I'll take it—it's something to be proud of; and though I've no real right to the title, I'm proud to take it.

[A Visitor: "Do you have any boxing in the spirit land?"] Yes, sir—plenty of it. I shall be happy to try a round with you when you come here.

[A Visitor: "Have you seen Belcher Kay since he died?"] Yes, I meet him frequently.

[A Visitor: "Will you tell us how you were killed?"] Oh, death killed me—not the vigilance committee.

[A Visitor: "What was it you did to help yourself out of your own?"]

I beg your pardon, sir, but that is a secret between Death and myself. The vigilance committee did right. I have no fault to find.

July 9.

GRAT EXPECTATIONS.—By Charles Dickens.—The Peterson Brothers, of No. 366 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued this last work of the incomparable "Boz." It is replete with the author's usual characteristics of humor and pathos, and has invited a great deal of criticism, favorable and unfavorable, although it seems to us that the only cause for the latter is to be found in the distinct mark which all the works of Dickens bear, and which the works of every great author must also show, as the selection of his speciality. The work, as published by the Petersons, has been printed from advance sheets, and is plentifully embellished with wood cuts from original designs by John Mulvaney. 1 vol., 266 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York agent, Frederic A. Brady, No. 24 Ann Street.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOLLINGSWORTH.—We forgot to say, to your note of last week, that we will call for the problems immediately on our return to N. Y., about the 1st prox.

"THE CRAFT," Baltimore.—The 2d No. of your very beautiful chess col. failed to reach us; would you be so kind as to duplicate the same?

W. S. WHEELWRIGHT.—The last of your parcel—we believe—further contributions would be very acceptable. The little dash with Mr. Frere has been copied in the *E. A.*

J. McLEAN.—Anything to send "up," eh?

ENIGMA No. 290.

From the *Illustrated Zeitung*.

BY AUGUSTE V. DE PUCHALLA.

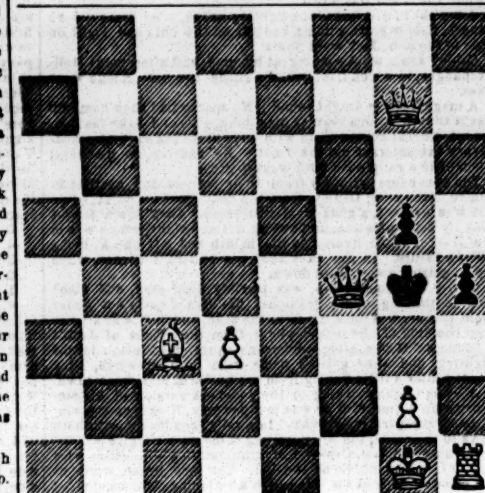


White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 290.

BY W. V. V. RAPALJE, M.D.

BLACK.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 290.

Played in Berlin between Herren Andersen and Hirschfeld, the new editor of the "Schach Zeitung."—*Bell's Life*.

KISHERITY GAMBIT ("")

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1. P to K4	P to K4	13. K to B3	K to Q2
2. P-K B3	P-K B3	14. K-B3	Q-R to Q2
3. P-K B3	P-K B3	15. K-R home	Q-K to B3
4. P-K B3	P-K B3	16. P-K B3	B2 P to P4
5. K-Kt-K5	K-Kt-B3	17. K-Kt2	K-B to K1
6. K-B B4	P-Q4	18. Q-P B6	Q-R to Q2
7. K-P P4	K-B Q3	19. Q-B R6	K-R to sq
8. P-Q4	K-Kt-R4	20. K-R R4	K-R to K2
9. Castles	Q-R P4	21. Q-K B5	Q-K B5+
10. Q-K sq	Castles	22. Q-Q B3	K to K-B5+
11. K-R to Q	Q-B B4	23. K-Kt2d P	K-R K6+
12. Q-Kt-B3	Q-B B4		

Herr Hirschfeld wins (a)

(b) By this European appellation we shall hereafter designate this opening.

(c) This gentleman is comparatively a new player, but shows first-rate talent. All his games are marked by great brilliancy, and resource under difficulties.

Skirmish between our contributor, W. S. Wheelwright, Esq., and C. Ocsanyan, Esq., M. W. giving odds of Q-Kt.

Wheelwright.	Ocsanyan.	Wheelwright.	Ocsanyan.
1. P to K4	P to K4	12. B-B3	K to h2
2. P-K B4	P-K B4	13. Q-B R3	P-Q8
3. K-Kt-B3	P-K Kt4	14. K-P P4	Q-K2
4. K-B B4	P-K Kt4	15. Q-K R3+	K to Q2d P
5. P-Q4	K-P Kt3	16. Q-B B4+	K-Bk2
6. P-Q B3d P	K-B B3	17. Q-R K4+	Q-K B3
7. P-K B5	Q-K B4	18. Q-K B5+	K-Kt B3
8. Castles	P-Q4	19. Q-Q B3	K-Q B2
9. Q-B P4	K-P B3	20. B-K Kt4	K-Q B2
10. Q-K B3	Q-K Kt3	21. B-K R4	Attack wins.
11. B-BP+	K-K B3		

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. 25¢ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann Street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OSIRIS, Buffalo, N. Y.—One more this week.

H. SPATHE, Buffalo, N. Y.—All right. "Take your time"

Nemo, Princeton, N. J.—May we hope to hear from you soon?

P. RICHARDSON, N. Y.—Welcome, once more. We are pleased with the "token of remembrance." Will examine and report in next week's CLIPPER.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Your moves with O. T. S., and Mary E. M. appear this week. Also one of your positions. "May the best man (or any other man) win."

GAME No. 19.—VOL. IX.

IRREGULAR.

Back.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 15	22 17	11. 1 6	22 17
2. 8 11	17 14	12. 15 18	30 25
3. 10 17	21 14	13. 16 19	17 13*
4. 9 12	23 14	14. 11 16	21 17
5. 12 16(a)	25 14	15. 6 10	25 21
6. 4 8(c)	24 19	16. 18 22	14 9
7. 16 23	26 10	17. 22 31	27 24
8. 6 15	29 26	18. 5 14	24 6
9. 8 12	31 26	19. 2 9	17 10
10. 12 16	25 31	20. 7 14	13 6(d)

Drawn.

Notes.—By OUIS.

(a) 27 to 23 losses.

(b) Victory from A. D. P. See Var. 6, at page 255.

(c) 34 to 19 a safer move.

(d) 16 to 19 a stronger play.

(e) A critical end game. Win with the Black if you can.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 18.—VOL. IX.

BY C. H. W.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 17 22	26 17	3. 12 8	3 19
2. 18 23	19 26	4. 11 8	4 11

White wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 87th POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 10 6	1 10	3. 31 27	5 9
2. 23 19	8 11	4. 27 23	White wins.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND RITHE.

Black—Acceptance.	White—Rithe.
7. 7 10	22 17
8. 4 8	

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.	White—W. S. K.
5. 12 16	25 22
6. 10 15	23 18

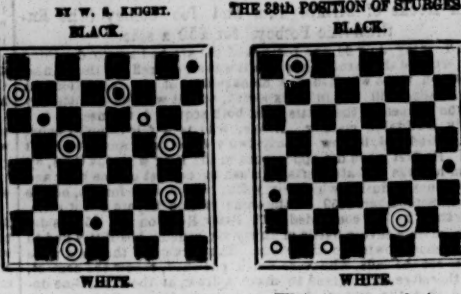
BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black—O. T. S.	White—W. S. K.
13. 20 27	32 23
14. 9 13	21 17

POSITION No. 19.—VOL. IX.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

THE 28th POSITION OF STURGES.



Black to move and win.

White to move and win.

THE TURF.

FOR SALE.—A BRIGHT BOMBEY FILLIE, 16 months old, was stired by the celebrated English Stallion, Morgan; her dam is also of celebrated stock. With therefore dispose of said animal at one at private sale. It is perfectly docile, being accustomed to the bridle, and driven almost every day, free from harness, into the city, aside of its dam, and will enter a bar-room and partake of a glass of lager and preisel, follow its master, and perform innumerable feats, and under proper tuition would prove a valuable animal for a Circus Company, or any private gentleman. Any one feeling desirous of making a purchase, will please address the subscriber immediately upon the subject; but he would prefer a visit, and judge for themselves; and if the animal does not excel that which he has partially described, he will guarantee the expense of their passage "to and fro."

THEODORE SAUBER.

Proprietor of White House, near Reading, Pa.

OPENING OF THE GRANITE RIDING PARK, NASHUA, N. H.—The Granite Riding Park, at Nashua, was opened for the trotting season Friday afternoon, 9th inst., with a large attendance and a brilliant race. About eight hundred were present, and among them a large number of the fair daughters of the Granite State. The horses were handled by experienced drivers, and the contest was a warm one. The grey gelding Somerville won against the bay mares St. Lawrence Maid, Fanny Fern, and Lady Milmore, and black stallion Monarch.

In the third heat Woodruff was brought into collision with one of the other drivers by which one of his spokes was broken. The coolness and skill with which he drove the race throughout, were the admiration of the old trackmen present. The course is one of the best half mile tracks in New England, and is said to measure nine feet over the half mile. The race was much enjoyed by the spectators. The following is a summary:—

GRANITE RIDING PARK, NASHUA, N. H. Friday, Aug. 9. Associates' Purse \$100. \$25 to second horse. Mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Wm Woodruff named g g Somerville.....	1 2 1 1
R L Flanders named c m St. Lawrence Maid.....	2 1 3 2
E H Gilman named b k s Monarch.....	3 3 2 3
L H Clement named m m Fanny Fern.....	4 4 4 4
J D Walton named b m Lady Milmore.....	5 5 5 5

Time, 2:37; 2:38; 2:39; 2:38.

DEFERRED FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

PEDESTRIANISM.

F. ALLIBONE and J. CLARKE (of the GUARDS).—On Monday, July 22, these pedestrians met at West Brompton, to decide their race of a quarter of a mile, for £15 a side, the meeting being but thinly attended. The betting was 6 to 4 on Allibone, but there was not much of the needed speculation, as Clarke, it was "whispered," was not the thing, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to be at all sanguine, as he was heard to remark that he did not think he should be able to pull the match off. The race had been fixed to be run at half past six, but it was not until half an hour later that the pedestrians came on the course; Allibone being under the care of the well-known Joseph Jones, while Clarke waited on by another "bold soldier boy." It stipulated in the articles, that the pedestrians should go by report of pistol, and either man going before the signal was given, to be put back three yards; the man attempting to loathe while running was to lose the race. The pedestrians now took up their allotted positions at the mark. Allibone having won the race, he having been rather indisposed for some few days past, owing to which his friends did not evince much desire to back him; indeed, the soldier did not himself appear to

erly, at the National Theatre, his daughter playing Mrs. Beverly. The receipts were only \$101 62. He previously played at the Old Boston Theatre to houses averaging \$1000.

In Nov., 1841, he was appointed Military Storekeeper to the Arsenal, Frankfort, Pa. The office was soon after discontinued, and he was appointed Surveyor of the port of Philadelphia. We next find him as an Inspector, first in Philadelphia, and afterwards at New York.

Mr. Cooper was the first actor who received a "Complimentary Benefit" in the United States, which took place at the Park Theatre, New York. The receipts exceeded any amount for a similar purpose on record, namely, \$4500, the advertising alone cost \$264 64.

Died April 21, 1849, at Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa., and was buried in the Old Church Yard, at Bristol.

With the exception of Mr. Chas. Kemble, Mr. Cooper was a more perfect speaker of the language of Shakespeare than any actor on or off the stage.

The character of Virginius was fitted in a peculiar manner to his powers and person. The language which the author has put in the mouth of Virginius, is by no means worthy the sentiments which he is to utter, and the events he is to illustrate; yet the importance of the character, and the ability of the actor, have never failed of giving an interest to the play, although every other personage is uninteresting of note, and has generally been represented in a manner by no means attractive. The last scene of the third act, where he is sent for to Rome, was his masterpiece.

Macbeth was considered one of Mr. Cooper's best characters, and I shall therefore make it the subject of rather more attention than it should have done under other circumstances. In the banquet scene, addressing Banquo a Ghost:

"Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit thee, protect me
The body of a girl."

Mr. Cooper always read it *fabakib*, which makes nonsense of the passage.

"My May of life
Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow leaf,"

he used to read:

"My way of life, &c."

If to the fiery openness of the character of Othello, which no person could better display, he could only have added those nice expressions of the various revolutions of the soul of the Moor, under the influence of the passions, the character would have been perfect and fearful, forming one of the brightest creations of human genius.

The relation of his whole course of love before the Senators, was distinguished by the openness of unreserved confidence, mingled with the profoundest reserve. His manner of uttering

"Her father lov'd me," &c., was admirable.

In the first scene of the third act, he displayed the ardency of his love, in his open and exulting manner, only for a moment by lago's exclamation, "Hail! I like not that," at which he betrayed no symptoms of jealousy, but *perplexity* in not comprehending its meaning—this is a rock against which I have seen many actors split; but to preserve the figure, Mr. Cooper, with the confidence of superior nary, steered from the fatal place, and pursued his course with safety and majesty. It is the remark of a modern writer, who appears to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred. The Moor is furious in both these extremes; his love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, and his revenge is obdurate and inflexible. Cooper's last act was on the whole very good. It is impossible to describe his utterance of this line—"My wife! My wife!—what wife? I have no wife," after he had murdered Desdemona. His voice was so low, and his face so pale, that he seemed to be in a state of utter despair, and he was so well adapted to the scene of existence and had nothing more to do but die.

As Damon, Mr. Cooper, was great. Perhaps his superiority in this, arose from the fact, that he embraces those passions which he was so successful in denouncing. I shall only notice those excellent lines which were most prominent. In the Senate House he rose to the top of his genius, mixed with rank with all the enthusiasm of a young man, and he was so well adapted to the principles of Pythagoras, and exalted with the consciousness of his superiority, over the servile band who surrounded him, as he boldly defended the land of his birth—his beloved Syracuse. His eloquence was the eloquence of nature, and his throes of pity seemed as those of a patriot lamenting a fallen and degraded country. Brighter still glowed the flame of his genius—more god-like his dignity when he uttered

"Dath's the best gift to one that never yet
Wish'd to survive his country."

Few actors could reach Mr. Cooper in depicting parental affection and conjugal tenderness. In the scene in the fourth act, with his wife, he concealed the actor entirely—and man and nature alone were seen.

Rolla was one of his feeblest performances; a coldness and want of animation accompanied him throughout the representation of this character.

His Richard the Third was, also, a lame performance. The crooked-backed tyrant is a character in which he never was successful.

Mr. Cooper's Hamlet was also an unsuccessful attempt. True, occasional flashes of a just and vigorous conception, illuminated his performance, but he did not penetrate the youthful Dane of our imagination. There is no character in which it is so necessary that the actor of it should in his looks, exhibit the feelings and particular frame of his mind.

Benedict was one of his happiest efforts. His conception of the character was embodied in the spirited and discriminating execution, resulting from an accurate and intelligent knowledge of the nature of the character, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honors of the White House in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginia (Miss Cooper) said: "Send her to me, Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and bowed before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, a refined and quick perception of his own and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the clapping of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginia. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Count F. de Lagrange's b m Mille de Chantilly, aged,

9st 6lb (including 7lb extra).....S. Rogers 3

Mr. Merrifield's ch c Overton, 3 yrs, 8st.....Drew 0

Capt. Loe's b c Gibraltar, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb.....A. Edwards 0

Lord Alibury's b c Canine, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb (including 7lb extra).....L. Snowden 0

Lord Strathmore's b c Strike, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (100 sovs).....J. Covey 0

Baron Rothschild's b c Queen of the Vale, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (including 7lb extra).....Charles 0

In the race for the Steward's Cup on the same day, Umpire ran, but was in a position that might be expressively termed "nowhere." There were some fifty-five starters, among which "our horse" got placed seventh, as below given.

The Steward's Cup (Handicap) value 300 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, (the surplus in specie) for three year olds and upwards; T Y C.: 94 sovs.

Mr. Murphy's Cragh Patrick, by Mountain Deer, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb.....H. Taylor 1

Mr. Sutton's Man at Arms, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb.....Perry 2

Lord Exeter's Knight of St. Patrick, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Oram 3

Mr. C. Alexander's Trustworthy, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb.....S. Rogers 0

Baron Niviere's Surprise, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb.....S. Rogers 0

Mr. J. Sargent's Crater, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb.....F. Adams 0

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Umpire, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb.....G. Fordham 0

Run in 1 min 20 sec.

THE STAKES DAY.

The morning of Wednesday, July 31, opened clear and bright, and from an early hour the vehicles began to make their way towards the Course, replenished, as they were at intervals, by the trains that successively followed each other into Chichester from the neighboring towns.

The number present, however, was less than have been wont to witness the sport on the Stakes Day, though the fair sex were far more numerous represented than they were on the preceding day, the balcony of the Stand being crowded. Bookmakers, according to custom, assembled early in the Ring, and speculation upon the Stakes was carried on briskly. The card presented a somewhat stronger appearance than that of the preceding day, and as most of the horses on the card were colored, a greater promise was given of larger fields than those that contested the majority of the races on Tuesday. In addition to the great contest, the Findon Stakes and the two handicap plates promised to afford good sport.

THE GOODWOOD STAKES RACE.

Was set for three o'clock, and when the telegraph exhibited only eleven starters from among the six-and-twenty "colored," surprise at the smallness of the field soon gave way to curiosity, which was considerably heightened as the market began to assume even a more perplexing aspect than heretofore. During the early part of the afternoon, the race (as it eventually turned out to be) looked like a match in the betting between Elcho and Starke, who alternated between 5 to 2 and 3 to 1, while 6 to 1 was currently offered "bar two." Elcho, at the commencement, had the decided call of the American, regardless, too, of the support awarded to Schism, as it was no secret that the Woodtates pair had not been "put together;" and as they ran on their merits, William Day's advice to back the two was generally adopted, more especially as the old mare has been booked to "do a good thing" for some time past, by the public.

That Elcho had the strongest party however, is borne out by the horse's position in the market, and when seen, the preference for the young one was unmistakable, whereupon Schism went back a point or two, and the Danebury nag, Canary, became quite as good a favorite.

The most important feature in the betting, however, was the extraordinary rush to get on Starke, who stripped such a different horse to what he looked all last year, whilst his action was as free and powerful as when he accomplished his two great victories over this course two years ago, that he jumped clean over Elcho's head, and at once settled the bet as to which would be first favorite when the flag fell. He was returned at 6 to 4, though a shade less was repeatedly taken, and even money was betted in more than one instance! Of the remainder, Balham, who looked fit to run for his life, was the only one backed in earnest, and having "cleaned out" the whole of Mr. Hodgman's lot, giving weight to everything, his owner confidently reckoned upon repeating the Kingston coup for the Cup, in 1852. Brownie, who wore a stocking on his near fore leg, went back to 25 to 1; and with the exception of Jingling Johnny, about whom 1000 to 30 was taken several times, no outsider was in any demand whatever.

THE START.

After a most unnecessary parade (by order of the Stewards), the lot were despatched at the second attempt, and Umpire instantly went to the front to secure a pace for his stable companion, and accomplished his task so very efficiently that he remained in front until within half a mile of home, when Starke took the lead, and the result, as already indicated, soon afterwards became a match between the two favorites; for though Jingling Johnny was running sufficiently forward to indulge the fielders with hopes of the success of an outsider, and Balham, who kept throwing up his head in the early part of the race as if he did not relish a curb bridle, suddenly presented such a bold front at the commencement of the rails as to cause a shout or two in his behalf, it was soon apparent that the only two left in it were Starke and Elcho, the latter of whom (after being indulged with a serviceable pull half-way between the mile-post and the turn, whereupon he dropped back with Schism, who was then in difficulty, which led to an exulting outburst of "Elcho's beaten," came out pulling double at the distance, and depriving the Yankee of the lead, ran home a clever winner by half a length, amidst the excited cheers of "the volunteers," though the silence in the Ring, coupled with the "long faces" of the bookmakers afterwards, painfully attested the disastrous effects of the skirmishing in their ranks. The rest were beaten an immense distance, and it was only by downright gameness that Balham managed, in the last few strides, to secure the third place, the present making the fiftieth successive defeat of horses from his unfortunate stable, which must contain a "sorry lot!" The principal winners are Lord Coventry (who is only part owner of Elcho, however), and the "Romeo Lords," but their gains are far from considerable; and the money averaged so bad a price—a trifle over 3 to 1 only—that several of the usual followers of the clever Woodtates tactician won little or nothing. Owing to the unfortunate schism in the stable (which was happily healed beforehand), Lord Westmoreland and his friends "stood" chiefly on the mare, we believe, whose indifferent performance, coupled with the defeat of the American, most triumphantly confirms the truth of the Admiral's estimation of the real merits of the "two old un

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS, SHOWING A RECORD OF WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES, NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. NUMBER FORTY.

Bill Eales.—His Gallant Victory over Hall.
This elegant sparrer was in high repute among the Swells at the West end of London, as a teacher of the Art of Self-Defense, and gave the amateurs a proof of his decisive qualities in the Prize Ring, when called properly into action. His contest with Hall must "live long in the memories" of the amateurs, from its excellence and manliness on both sides.

Moulsey Hurst was the scene of action on Thursday, October 29, 1818, for Eales and Hall to exhibit. It was respectfully, but not numerously attended by the amateurs. Some noblemen were present. This lack of interest was owing to the opinion that the fight would not be worth seeing; as it was booked that Hall would win it in a canter. Two to one and seven to four were the odds on the ground. At one o'clock the men entered the ring; Hall threw up his hat first, when Eales followed. Hall was attended by Tom Belcher and Harmer; and Eales by Oliver and T. Jones. It was for 50 guineas a side.

Round 1. The combatants had scarcely shook hands when both fell off, and went to work in right earnest. Though both seemed men, there was no niggling and bobbing about, with fine attitudes to tire the eyes of the spectators. Hall, full of confidence, endeavoring to take the lead of his opponent, and planted some hits; but Eales, cool, collected, and confident, made some good exchanges, and put in a tremendous blow on Hall's forehead that drew the claret instantly. It was a sort of slaughter house touch, like when the cattle are levelled, and the round was finished by Hall's going down.

Great shouts of applause, "Bravo, Eales!"
2. Hall appeared bleeding at the scratch, and Eales's mug had a pinky appearance. This was a truly desperate round; and Eales, elated with his success, put in a facer and got away. Some very sharp exchanges took place, when Hall received a dreadful hit under his left ear, which produced the claret in torrents; he, however, fought on undimmed, till Eales went down. Applause, and "Well done, Hall!"

3. This round was all good fighting; and both of the men showed a superior knowledge of the art. But Eales, although he went down, had done such execution upon his opponent's nob, that the 2 to 1 betters were visibly alarmed, and the 7 to 4 were quaking.

4. Hall ran Eales bang against the ropes; but in struggling, Hall fell underfoot. The latter appeared determined to give Eales no quarter, and to beat him off hand, if possible. The face of Hall was much flushed from exertion—the blood also running down his cheeks from his forehead—his left eye damaged—his ear lacerated as if sliced with a knife, and the cut under it quite a gaping wound. Hall was too hurried in his manner—milling and taking the fight out of his antagonist seemed his principle aim—he made no pauses or study to obtain his length, and in consequence of this defect, he threw several blows away, by missing his adversary's nob, if it did not tend to lose him the battle.

5. This was a curious round. Eales, after giving and receiving some hits, turned accidentally aside from Hall; but returned to the attack, and had the best of the round, although he went down.

6. Eales seemed rather weak, and Hall was somewhat exhausted; both having fought at the rate of ten miles an hour. The former nobbed Hall's belly, and got him on the ropes; but like a true British boxer, he declined to behave unlike a man, and walked away. The air rang with plaudits. Eales was now the favorite; and bedding was out of the question.

7. Hall commenced in good style, and planted a chopper that made Eales's temples rather weak, and Hall was somewhat exhausted; both having fought at the rate of ten miles an hour. The former nobbed Hall's belly, and got him on the ropes; but like a true British boxer, he declined to behave unlike a man, and walked away. The air rang with plaudits. Eales was now the favorite; and bedding was out of the question.

8. Eales kept the lead in good style; but from the severity of fighting, fell down between the arms of Hall much exhausted. Some slight murmurs and "he's going!" was the cry among some of the opponents of Eales, and the delecting ray of hope was caught at; but, it should be recollected, the latter had no title to boast. Hall was full of resolution, and would not be denied; and no pugilist, for many previous battles, has been so tightly kept to his work to give a receipt in full of all demands, as Eales was in this contest with the courageous Hall. It may be thus accounted for that Eales exhibited weakness at various times during the battle.

9. Eales broke away in such good style, and his attitude was so close and firm, that Hall could not break in upon him to plant his favorite right handed blow. He was again sent down.

10. This round, to appearance, had nearly finished the fight. The fine fighting of Eales prevailed to a great extent—he hit and broke away with the utmost sang froid and sent Hall down quite exhausted.

11. Hall, after some smart exchanges, sent Eales down.

12. This round was full of milling. Hall stood up and exchanged blows as long as he was able; but Eales put in repeated facers and broke away; he did him a so sharply, that Hall turned in a state of confusion, and went down. Four to one upon Eales, but no taken.

13. Milling again desperately; and both their nobs caught it. Eales peppered away so sharply, that he exhibited weakness; but Hall went down, almost too out!

14. This was also an excellent set to; but Hall went down in a piteous state. It was evident how the thing was got up, although he kept fighting like a man.

15. And last. This was a round of rounds; and the superiority of Eales over his brave opponent was Royalty's Pavilion to a mud cabin. Hall commenced with spirit, planted three severe facers, and made some good exchanges, but was ultimately beat over the ring to a complete stand-still, till he fell quite senseless. Upon being placed on his second's knee, Hall heard not the time—not the battle—and some time elapsed before he could quit the ring, while, on the contrary, Eales jumped over the ropes ran a considerable distance, put on his clothes, and then returned to shake hands with his brave but fallen opponent. The colors were taken from the stakes, and the old adage was verified of "win gold and wear it." Eales tied them round his neck.

Upon no fight whatever was it remembered that more, if so much, confidence was expressed by the supporters of scientific pugilism, upon the matching, and during the time the men were in training, as to the way in which the above battle must terminate. Hall's capabilities towards victory were so bottomed up—he was always in training—unimpeachable game—first-rate science—of sound pedigree, traced from his grandfathers—for goodness, the "crack of the Isle of Wight"—and, finally, a kind of terrorism to his own weight in the London ring. In fact, it was such "a certainty," that it was like the opening of flood gates. Hall was the torrent which carried everything before it; and in short, in the "mind's eye" of the amateurs, the battle was won before the men stripped; while, on the contrary, Eales was only mentioned to be sneered at. It is true, he was admitted an excellent setter—to a hero with the gloves, and possessing everything for the theoretical part of the art, but the qualification of a fighting man, namely, a want of pluck. This was the exact situation and character of the combatants, and the general estimation they were held in by the sporting world, previous to the battle. It is necessary to premise, that Hall most satisfactorily showed himself a brave man, a good fighter, and exerted himself in every point of view to obtain the victory—he was defeated, but not disgraced; and, like great heroes of another school, experienced consolation in having done his duty.

But it was a proud day for Eales—this conquest did wonders for him; elevating him in a certain ratio from the bottom to the top of the list; and, strange to say, he almost won his battle in more time than the first rounds of some of the "scientific" battles have taken. The qualifications of Eales as a fighter, were hitherto well known; but it was urged, he had no "heart!" In the short space of sixteen and a half minutes, he not only removed this libel on his fame, but defeated Hall, whom no boxer on the list would fight for the previous two years, and with whom Donnelly, the Irish Champion, could make but a draw of it, in his contest with him. Hall was a brave man; but Eales was a better fighter, and armed at all points. From this victory, he stood very high in the estimation of the amateurs. The long odds were again flouted, and the long faces were numerous indeed. Hall could not be fresher in point of condition; but he did not look so well and strong out of his clothes; his loins were very thin, and downwards he did not appear athletic. He was terribly punished about the head; and his body also received several severe hits. Eales, although excellent upon his legs and fine fighting, did not escape some heavy milling on his shoulders, neck, and nob. A more manly fight had not been witnessed for many a day—and the amateurs generally, had to regret they were not present at Moulsey Hurst. No closing, nor no hugging; but stopping and hitting to the end of the chapter. Had Hall hit more at length, he might have

given a better account of the battle. Upon no occasion were men better seconded. It is worthy of remark, how soon the conversation changed in favor of Eales after the fight; almost every amateur expressing himself, "I don't know who's to beat him!"

It, however, has always been a matter of great astonishment to the sporting world, that so fine a fighter as Eales should have experienced defeat in his contest with Scroggins; and it appeared equally as strange to the amateurs, that Eales should have fancied and chosen Hall for a customer.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. BY ARTEMUS WARD.

DELIVERED JULY 4, AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONN., 1850.

[I delivered the forenoon, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating audience. I was 56 minutes passing a given pint. I have revised the oration, and added sum things, which makes it appropos to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammar and punctuated it. I do my own punctuation now days. The printers in Vanity Fair office can't punctuate worth a cent.]

FELLOW CITIZENS: I've bin honored with an invite to narrate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurlely feel eal to the task, I'm sure you will b'lieve me. Weatherfield is justly celebrated for her oynins and patriotism the world over, and to beared to paws and address you on this, my fust perfectharal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to feel. [Grate applaus. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.]

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages, and am a little shaky on livev ones. There'd, expect no flowery talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician nor any other habits air good. I've no enemies to reward nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it's a good thing, and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of orany people a movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth to bust it up. Too much good blood was split in courtin and marryin that truly respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injanny is celebrated for unhitchin married people with neatness and despatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the plecters don't give her no shoes or stockings, but the band of stars upon her head must continue to shine undimmed forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I've sed. [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awj nee that, considerin the large number of putty gals present, I was more afraid of a dander stroke. This was impromptu, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

FELLOW CITIZENS—I haint got time to notis the growth of America from the time the Mayflower cum over in the Pilgrim and bawty Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our career has been tremenjus. You will excuse me if I don't prase the ery settlers of the Colonies. People which hung idiotic old wimmin fur witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller-critters to the treadmill and plery on the slitest provocation may have been very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I sposed they meant well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the newspapers, "pass to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolution. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. WASHINGTON was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear bedd'd, warm hearted, brave and stiddy-go in man. He never slost over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They get filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git onto the first popular hobby boss which trots along, not carin a sent whether the beast is even-goin, clear-sited and sound, or spavind, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventually if not sooner. When they see the multituod going it blind they get Pel Mel with it, instead of exertin themselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which will soon bearin them triumphantly on its shoulders will soon disover its error and cast them into the boss pond of Oblivyun without the slightest hesitations. Washington never Slop Over. That wasn't George's stile. He luv'd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angel in a 3 cornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like rite away. My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patriots and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seize rite hold of his coat tails and draw him back to morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of seceshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, dond the trapeze in a one-hoss circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have been ten dollars in Jeff. Davis' pocket if he'd never been born! Be sure and vote at least once at all elections. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the poles. See two it that yer naber is there. See two it that the cripples are provid d with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the intamus like which the Opposition will be setin to git up for politickal effek on the eve of election. To the poles! to the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn pleas. This is a privilege we all persess, and it is one of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see much too admire in New Englan. Your gals in particular air about as snug bitt peaces of Caliker as I ever saw. They air fully eal to the corn-fed gals of Ohio and Injanny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still, & you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your entorprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorite Bevridge I disgust. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whiskey of Injanny, which eats thr w stun jugs & will turn the stummock of the most shiftless Hcg. I seldom seek consolation in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down sum of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to aware like a inforiated trooper. On taki the seckund glass I was seazed with a desire to break winders, & after imbibin the third glass I knocht a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last tail. It's dreeful stuff—a sort of lickwid littenlo, got up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to pieces, and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a firebrand tied to his tale; and while you are about it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin liquors. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin about the trouble and suff rin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevridge.

My friends, I'm dun, I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes, & a pleasant odor of Ooyins about my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Romans, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, people of Wethersfield. Be virtuous, and you'll be happy.

EDITORIAL GALLANTRY.—An editor in the far west announces that his wife has run away with his only composing-stick, and that his paper cannot be published until he sends to the city for another!

MATCH GAME OF QUOITS BURLESQUED.

Two young gentlemen of this city had a match game of quoits the other day, of which we were so fortunate as to secure a report. We are not a sporting paper—except for the fun of the thing. The two young gentlemen referred to were never known to be engaged in any occupation, although they do some pretty heavy strutting around every day of their lives. They are ambitious to be considered men of muscle, however, maintain a pair of dumb-bells, and wear large coat sleeves to allow their muscles to expand and grow. They have practiced lifting a good deal since Dr. Winship lectured here. One of them can lift a good-sized beefsteak, besides vegetables, with his teeth. The other can stand a flour barrel on end with his friend inside, and raising the barrel up, hold it out at arm's length! The barrel, we might remark incidentally, has no heads in it. Having read that quoit pitching was an admirable exercise for the development of muscle, they procured some quoits, and seeking a vacant and retired lot, made up a match for a "pus" containing several unpaid washing bills, a cheap receipt for dying whiskers, and a pocket work on calves heads. After a spirited discussion, in which they both took the same side, they decided on a rolling hub instead of a fixed one, and laying off their coats, the game commenced.

Each of them had a small boy to carry their quoits, and there were three referees on the ground. They tossed up for the first pitch, and one of them got it—he caught his toe on a masked ant-hill, and pitched onto his face. Referees decided that he had had his pitch, and No. 2 took the "quatea." He threw the first quoit over a garden fence eight yards to the right of the hub, and the second quoit slipped out of his hand and flew backwards, doubling up one of the referees, whom it struck in the stomach. Small boy got over the fence to hunt for the quoit, and was arrested by the proprietor of the garden for trespass. Proprietor went for an officer, and during his absence the boy was bailed out of the garden with a milk stool and two knot holes in the fence.

No. 1 pitched his "frame." First quoit hit a domestic hen serenely sitting under the fence. Cries of "fowl!" He took deliberate aim with the second quoit, and launched it at the hub. "He's hit the hub!" yelled his backers exultingly, and an investigation proved that he had only hit the hub of a dilapidated cart wheel by the side of the road, and odds were no longer offered in his favor. The referees got a clothes line, but couldn't ascertain the distance of the quoit from the hub without splicing on a bed-cord and a cistern pole. They decided that both competitors were "distanced," the rules requiring that the quoits in order to count, shall be within fifteen feet and a back yard of the hub. The pitchers of quoits were then refreshed with pitchers of beer.

It became No. 2's turn to shoot. He took the light red quoit in his hand, drew it up to his eye, and sighted carefully across it at the pale white hub. He shot and "pocketed" his quoit in a newly excavated cellar across the street. He gave a wild laugh and said he "played for it." He pitched the second quoit with his eyes shut. Quoits hit the hub, and glancing off struck a boy, who began to cry—a hub-bub excited.

No. 1's pitch. He came up to the scratch a little groggy from pitching in too much beer. When he began to take his usual deliberate aim, the referee took the precaution to rally on the hub, so as to be out of the way. A man who was sawing wood about a square distant, received the quoit on the top of his head and saw stars. Quoits don't strike him favorably, and he thinks he won't learn the game. Wood-sawyer brought in the quoit and laid it on the hub, when No. 1 put up three points on the string.

No. 2 took his "Innings." His quoit went a long way beyond the hub, and he said there was too much pitch in the ground. Referee said he thought so, there wasn't any pitch in him. No. 2 showed a disposition to pitch into the referee—threw his other quoit at him and it fell close to the hub, scratching one. (That "one" was the referee, who received a scratch on his cheek where the quoit grazed him.)

It now became No. 1's "move." He threw a "skewing" quoit, barking the shins of some boys who had climbed on the fence to be out of the way, and making a pursuing carom on the toes of a gouty old gentleman passing. He tried to throw 'tother quoit beyond the hub and "draw back" on the latter, but there wasn't chalk enough on the "leather" of his shoes, his heels flew up, and he struck with precision and force on the base of the spinal column. The referee ordered him up, but he said he would pass.

At this stage No. 2 claimed the game, because No. 1 hadn't won it. A referee, who held the sponge, swallowed it, to prevent deciding the game, but an emetic was instantly administered by the bottle holder, and the referee threw up the sponge. The victor is to be presented with a pair of gold-headed quoits, inlaid with pearl.

—Cleveland Plaindealer.


OSTRICH HUNTING.—With Fanchoux's revolver, a couple of southern hounds, having plenty of tongue and not too much speed, and a horse sale on his legs and light in hand, a man might have an unlimited amount of sport at boars in Algeria. But, if he aspires to rarer game, there is the lion, the panther, the bustard, and the ostrich, in the Tell and Sahara of that country. The chase of the ostrich is held in high estimation, and is only followed by the Arab aristocrat, who makes a long and extensive preparation for its enjoyment. For some weeks before the time appointed for the sport, the Arab feeds and trains his horses with especial care; and unless their wind and condition are perfect, they stand no chance with the ostrich—he runs them out of sight. This is exactly what is done in England by good kennel management; the fox is overmatched by the condition of the hound. There is a curious point of similarity between the English sportsman and the aristocrat of the Sahara—he rides his second horse in the chase of the ostrich, as the other does in the chase of the fox. But, if anything, he of the desert has the advantage—he posts his relay with such a thorough knowledge of the running of his game, that he rarely misses his mount; whereas, the Meltonian makes a bad cast frequently, and as frequently finds his second horse already half beaten by the bad management of his groom. When the ostrich is blown in the chase, the rider strikes him a sharp tap on his featherless head, which at once deprives him of life, a small stick being his sole weapon.

GOOD NATURE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—As is the case with most the large dogs, the Newfoundland permits the lesser dogs to take all kinds of liberties without showing the least resentment, and if it is worried or pestered by some forward puppy, looks down with calm contempt, and passes on its way. Sometimes the little conceited animal presumes upon the dignified composure of the Newfoundland dog, and, in that case, is sure to receive some quaint punishment for its insolence. The story of the big dog that dropped the little dog into the water and then rescued it from drowning, is so well known that it needs but a passing reference. But I know of a dog, belonging to one of my friends, which behaved in a very similar manner. Being provoked beyond all endurance by the continued annoyance, it took the little tormentor in its mouth, swam well out to sea, dropped it in the water, and swam back again. Another of these animals, belonging to a workman, was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and, after the manner of bull-dogs, "pinned" him by the nose, and there hung, in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and spying a pailful of boiling tar, he bolted towards it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run, bearing with it a scalding memento of the occasion.

YOUNG MEN, PAY ATTENTION.—Don't be a loafer—don't be a loafer—don't call yourself a loafer—don't hang about loafing places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself, than sit around day after day or stand around corners with your hands in your pocket. Better for your own mind—better for your own health—better for your own prospects. Bustle about if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the word; to him that hath shall be given. Quit droning and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances.

A FOURSOME.—We lce saw a young man gazing at the "ry heavens, with a f in l, and a of pistols in the other. We ndeavored to attract his attention by jing 2 him a f in a newspaper we had in our s, relating to a young man in that f of the country, who had left home in a st8 of derangement. He dropped the f and pistols from his s, with the l: "It is l of whom U read. I left be4 my friends knew my design. I s8 the hand of the girl who had refused to list8 2 me, but smiled on another. I —d from the house, uttering a wild l! to the f of my friends, came here with this f and — of pistols to put a. to my misl8ce. My case is un8ed in this f!"

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.—Two Irishmen were sitting in a bar-room one night, enjoying a glass and a dudheen, when one bantered the other to sing a smart bit of a song. "I will," said he; "and it will be the Irishman's Shanty." "Very good," was the reply; "go on with the song, and take a sup before you start." Complying with the suggestion to sup, the singer turned to his auditor, and fixing his mouth, commenced:—"Did you ever go into an Irishman's Shanty?" What was the singer's astonishment to be interrupted with the remark:—"Be gob, I was born in one!"

MICHAEL PHELAN'S
IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1856; Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 22, 1859. The recent improvements in these Tables have them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Also
PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Address
PHELAN & COLLANDER, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A
CATALOGUE
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed.
Address,
THOMAS ORMSBY,
Marble Buildings,
86 Nassau Street, New York.

DR. TUMBLETT'S PIMPLE BANISHER.
OLD FACES MADE TO LOOK YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.
You may obtain a handsome complexion exempt from Pimples, Blotches, &c., by using
DR. TUMBLETT'S PIMPLE BANISHER.
Price One Dollar per Bottle, sent by Mail or Express, to any address. Office 499 Broadway. 17-3m*

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann street, New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application.
Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention.
All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised, will be furnished to order.
Catalogue sent on application. Address
J. H. FARRELL,
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,
14 and 16 Ann street, New York.

PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.—The largest stock of book, news and wrapping paper in the city.
STRAW BOARDS AND STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.
CANDLE-WICKS AND CUP WASTE.
47 N. 8
BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c.
CATALOGUES
sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address
JOHN ATCHISON,
88 Duane street, N. Y.

BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES. Riding and Shooting Leggins, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by
HEALY & CO.,
8 N. cor. Fourth and Chestnut sts., Phila'da, Pa.

GAME FOWLS.—For sale and always on hand for breeding, or Pit purposes, such as English, Irish, Derby, Seltons, Mexicans, and all of the most popular breeds imported into this country; also, two pairs of imported fowls for sale. Eggs \$2 per dozen. Address
L. B. LEGG, Box 68, Dover, N. H. 47

FUN AND FROLIC.—Send a red stamp for our catalogue of rare books.
J. B. MORPHY,
26 Ann street, New York.

"WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE!"
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
HENRY STEPHENS, 55 Nassau street, New York.

SPORTING BOOKS.
FOR A CATALOGUE SEND TO
CHARLES S. ATWOOD,
24 Ann street, N. Y.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps, to Howard M. Graves New York City Post Office, and he will inform you of a SURE method of winning at all the various games. Try it! and get an answer by return mail. 18-

ALL RIGHT.—Send stamp to Box 675, Milan, Ohio, and receive by return mail something that will please you. 21

WHAT IS IT?—Send stamp for our Circulars, three in number, and learn. N. B. HOWARD & Co., 23 Ann st. 9 41.

M. NELSON, 421 BROADWAY.—Manufacturer and dealer in Playing Cards, and all articles used among sportsmen to play their various banking games among which is a newly invented apparatus designed to play all games, and particularly the games of Faro, Roulette, and Monte. Send for a descriptive circular. 18 21*

SOMETHING THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.—OR ANY OTHER MAN?—If you don't believe it, address Box 675, Milan, Ohio. 19 11*

"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?"
I tell you as I have told you for the last 9 years, that if you want to have a really fine Bard or Musache to grow on your smooth face, that my Osguent will force them to grow in the short space of six weeks, nor will it stain or injure the skin in any way. It has been used by thousands, and I have never known it to fail. It is sold by dealers generally. Price \$1. Or send it to any part of the city or country, by mail, postage free. 19-11*
R. G. GRAMM, No. 109 Nassau st., New York.